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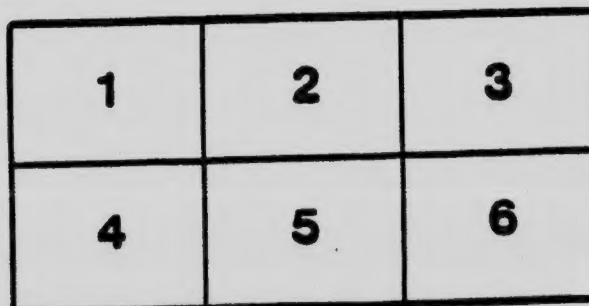
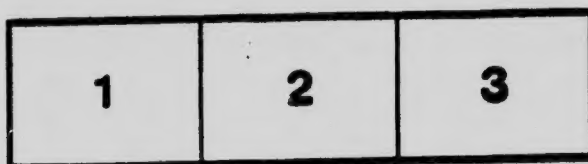
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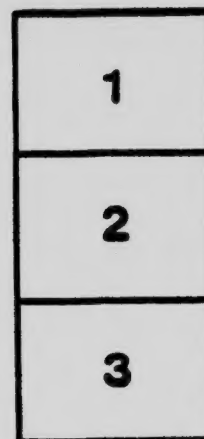
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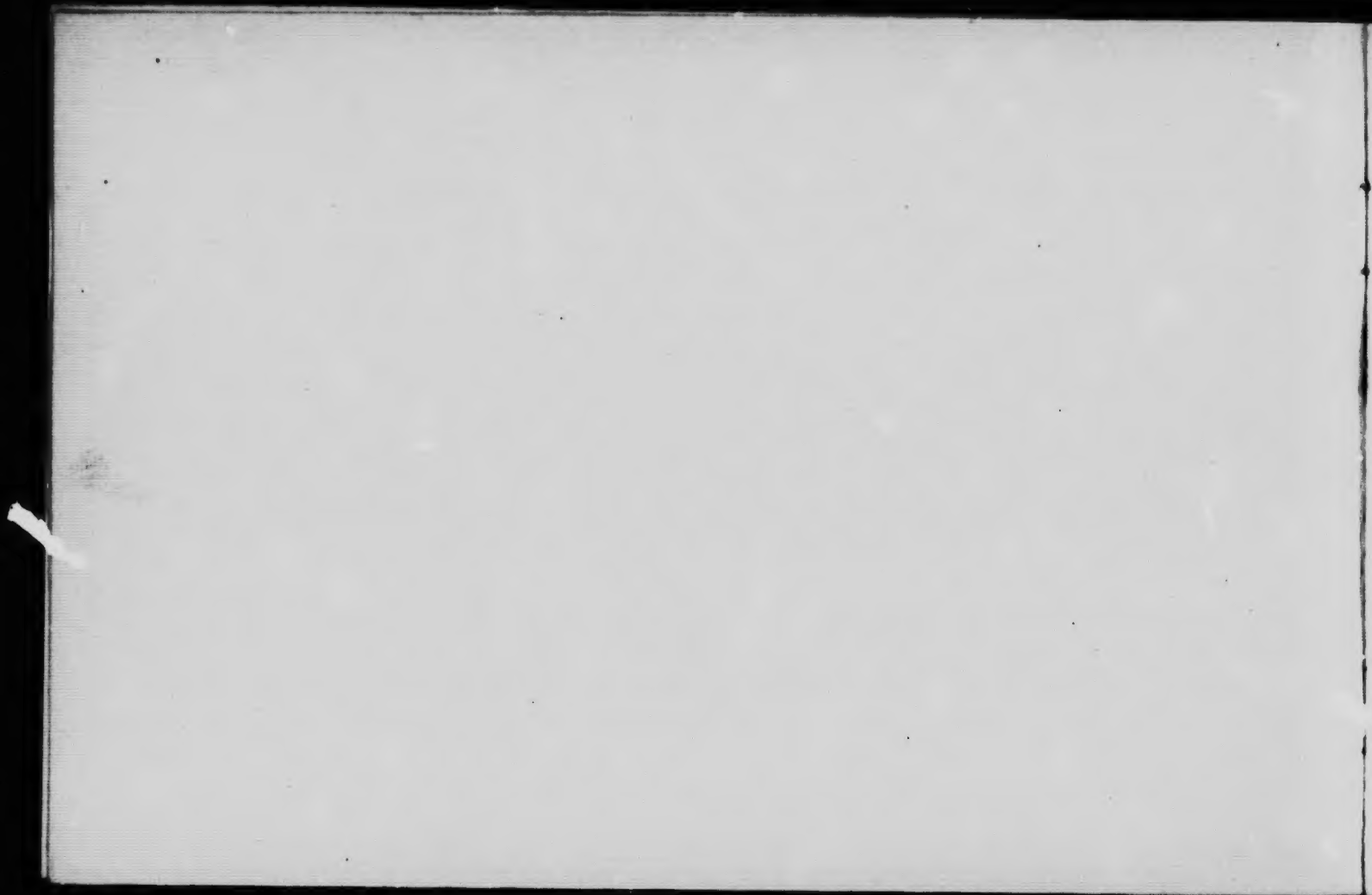


Cam Sanderson, Camilla.



If I Could Sing

By CAMILLA SANDERSON







If I Could Sing

By

CAMILLA SANDERSON

Author of

"John Sanderson The First,"

White Shield Series,

Etc., Etc.



TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1913

PS8487

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I4

1913

P+++

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CAMILLA SANDERSON.

If I Could Sing

If I could sing I would sing like a bird,
Some dear wild bird in its leafy home,
And set its clear notes to thoughts only heard
When night-winds whisper as far they roam
With fairy-like fleetness to drink in the sweetness
Of dew-sprinkled blossoms and earth-scented loam.
Oh! if I could sing, I would sing like the birds,
And set their sweet music to heavenly words.

If I could sing I would sing like the brook,
Wooing the grasses out in the sun,
With the soft cool breath of the hillside nook,
Where from its crevice each drop is won
By soft calls to rally and haste to the valley,
When spring's radiant gladness is only begun.
Oh! if I could sing, I would sing like the brook,
As it dances in joy from its hillside nook.

If I could sing, I would sing in the night,—
The moonbeams vanished, and stars gone out,—
When the gloom's astir with ghosts of the light,
And creeping stillness is all about;
Then with my glad singing, my spirit outwinging
The forces of evil, I'd put them to rout.
Oh! if I could sing, I would sing in the night,
And triumph o'er darkness with songs of the light.

Jesus

The wise men eager vigil kept,
A loving heaven-taught mother wept,
A little baby sweetly slept.
That little babe was Jesus.

A boy on heavenly mission sent,
With heart aglow and thought intent
Into the Jewish temple went.
That thoughtful boy was Jesus.

A message fraught with grief was sped
To one who taught,—“Thy friend is dead.”
Beside the grave He bowed His head.
That mourning One was Jesus.

“Let not your heart be troubled more,”
Said one. “For when this life is o’er
Heaven’s joys for you are held in store.”
That comforter was Jesus.

A crossbound victim’s form was riven;
Love’s proof of love divine was given;
Love opened wide the gates of heaven.
Love’s earthly name was Jesus.

Strong

If thou hast learned through heartfelt grief
The sacred fellowship of woe,—
To mourn with mourners, share each blow,
And sharing, minister relief,

Then hast thou learned how best to live,
And here, or there, or elsewhere,
The Master's crowning joy canst share,—
Gain strength on strength, and gaining, give.

And if thy giving meet the need
Of humble toilers on life's way,
Or fighters in the thicker fray
Of truth with falsehood, love with greed,

Then be a wondrous gladness thine,
That He who taught thee to be strong
Amid the weakness of the throng,
Has bid thee share His task divine.

Thought

Hast thou a strong, true thought?
Give freely to life's toilers on the way,
That they may meet the burdens of the day,
And bear them bravely as brave spirits may;
For so God's work is wrought.

Clothe thought in gracious guise;
Though true as truth itself it may be kind;
Though strong as life, 'tis thought's fine cords that bind;
Though firm as rock let timid spirits find
Thy great thoughts sweet as wise.

Give thought its royal place;
Thou art as are thy thinkings, and thy power
To strengthen and to comfort is the dower
God gives thee with the growth of every hour,
That He alone may trace.

I Shall know

Gray, fitful gloom the day's first call awaiting,
Earth's pulses throb, the shadows come and go;
I watch and pray, doubt with my faith debating
If I some day the all I ask shall know.

Blindly I watch, and voiceless is my praying,
Tide-waves of longing through my being flow;
No thought of mine, Oh Life of thought, is straying,
I seek but more of living truth to know.

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Lo! soft as dawn o'er distant hilltops breaking,
Stirs in my breast a sweet and gentle glow,—
Hope of an hour when, out of slumber waking,
More, and yet more, my eager soul shall know.

Hope that my sun shall one day rise in splendor,
And all his gracious, radiant light bestow;
Ah! then what thanks my joy-crowned life shall render
For heart at rest in faith that I shall know.

The Balance

If I wake with the birds and toil all the day,
Till the twilight finds me weary,—
So weary with all I have done by the way,
That the evening shades seem dreary—
How then shall I balance the all I shall miss
Of moonbeam, and star-gleam, and wind's gentle kiss?

If there in the next world all this is forgotten,—
The light and the darkness, the bliss and the pain,
Will absence of sadness outweigh all the gladness
I'll lose if life's sweetness return not again?
How then shall I balance the all I shall miss,
If that life must forfeit love's mem'ry of this?

Singer immortal! Thy joy in earth's sweetness
Will cease with the heart-beats that measure life's flow;
But joys that shall meet thee, and friends who shall greet thee,
Prepare thee a rapture ne'er dreamed of below.—
So gracious, so radiant thy guerdon of bliss,
Thy cup, full to brimming, no earth-joy shall miss.

Trees

Oh wonderful forest giants,
Kings of the mighty hills,
Your heads to the clouds uplifting,
Yet bending to drink the rills!
Where learned ye your wondrous greatness
That stoops from sky to sod,
Receiving earth's treasured sweetness,
Then giving it back to God?

Oh, fold us close in your shadows,
Sons of the earth and sky!
Here 'neath your leafy splendor
We feel that heaven is nigh.
We seem to forget our heartache,
And stroke of sorrow's rod,
For here in your soft shade resting
We tell it all to God.

And when, as the years are speeding,
We turn us back again
To the woods we sought in childhood
To soothe us in our pain,
In your tender, shadowed stillness,
When the soul within us sees,
We shall find, as life-joys fail us,
God's peace among the trees.

Thought Seeds

The years are coming, the years are going,
And ever some seed-thoughts we are sowing;
Giving our work into God's kind keeping,
Knowing not when, or by whom the reaping.

Some of the days of our years are glad,
And some are gloomy, and some are sad;
But glad, or sorry, we still go on,
Living in hope that when life is done,
Somewhere we'll find our seedling thought
Into some form of beauty wrought—
A lily bud, or a rose full blown,
A nation's song, or a book well known,
A truth once scorned, now freely taught
Because of the living seeds we've sown.

Reward

Earth's treasured gold is tested in the furnace,
And fire that purifies is fierce and strong;
Rare statues gain the graces of perfection
By skilful stroke of chisel wielded long.
The view from sunlit heights is for the climber,
The harbor's calm for ships beyond the bar,
The fountain's coolest draught is for the thirsty,
The sweets of home for those who've wandered far.

All I Ask

To sleep, with angels watching all the night,
To waken sweetly in the dawn's soft light,
To steer my course by love's own law of right
Through each returning day,
Though bright or dark my way,
Is all I ask.

To love earth's little things, their beauty prize,
To feel the radiant glory of the skies,
To learn and use the great thoughts of the wise,
And spread, without display,
Truth's brighter, clearer ray,
Is all I ask.

To stay some wayward step on danger's brink,
To cheer some burdened heart that else would sink,
To bind by tender word some heavenward link,
And make some pathway shine
With light of love divine,
Is all I ask.

To keep my soul-lamp burning ever clear,
To show faith's power to conquer doubt and fear,
To live the blessed truth that heaven is here,
And will the Will divine,
Because God's love is mine,
Is all I ask.

To lay me down at last without a fear,
To wait with joy Death's angel drawing near,
To know full soon with rapture I shall hear
My Father say, "Well done!
Rest thee, my weary one!"
Is all I ask.

